The last scene of Katherine's life is wonderfully, touchingly beautiful, far beyond any power of mine to portray. It is in that last scene, so "tender and pathetic; without gods, or fairies, or poisons, or precipices; without the help of romantic circumstances;" it is in that scene, if in no other, that we recognize in Katherine of Arragon a true heroine and the "queen of earthly queens."

HYPATIA.

Did you ever fall from a rocky precipice, and just before you reached the bottom wake to find it all a dream? Did you ever sit in rapt attention over some wonderful story, weep at the misfortunes of the hero, shed tears of joy at his deliverance, and finally close your book with a sigh over the mighty difference between the world of fiction and of fact? Ah, yes. But sometime you have had a dream that was not all a dream—sometime you have read a novel which was not all imagination. Some of our most brilliant authors, some of our greatest novelists, build their castles on the sure foundation of every day experience. Others weave a solitary historical fact into a beautiful fabric of romance. Some would look upon the stories of Charles Kingsley as the mere outgrowth of his fertile imagination. They do appear fanciful, they hold your attention close, they excite your imagination, in short they possess many qualities of the dime novel, yet there runs through them all a vein of morality and of truth. And especially faithful was he in his pictures of the fourth and fifth centuries. He portrayed the condition and relations of church and state with the accuracy of an artist. The "Cyril" of Charles Kingsley was the Cyril of history. The "Hypatia" of fiction was the philosopher of fact. There did live a woman, in the latter part of the fourth century, a woman at whose mention every pagan to-day should bow in reverence, every Christian hang his head in shame.

History does not tell us all about her, but we learn that no more perfect type of womanhood ever existed than Hypatia, the Alexandrian philosopher. I can not with words do justice to her beauty, her purity, or her wisdom. Even that famous city in which she lived never contained a woman more attractive to the artist's eye, more inspiring to the painter's brush. She won the admiration of all who beheld her. Yet her beauty seemed as varied as the eyes which looked upon it. As we stand gazing into the sky and no two perceive the same rainbow, so the admirers of Hypatia looked upon her marvelous beauty and saw an endless variety.

It seems to us almost impossible that in this time of comparative ignorance and superstition there should live a woman combining as it were the qualities of a Venus and a Minerva; yet such is the account of history, an account which has endured unmoved the attack of a thousand critics. The beauty of Hypatia was if possible surpassed by her intelligence. Have you ever said or thought or imagined that the mind of woman is inferior to that of man—go read the story of Hypatia. Have you ever argued that God created woman for a lower place than man—go read the story of Hypatia. Even in those dark ages when her sex was degraded and abused, she rose so high that she reigned without a rival. No man dared to dispute her claim to superiority. Bishop and monk, ruler and subject, master and slave sat at her feet and learned of her. She taught them the deep and mysterious truths of philosophy, the wonders of mathematics, the practical art of governing nations. Now paint if you can a woman whose beauty the artist cannot criticize, whose wisdom the philosopher cannot fathom, who is adored and flattered and caressed by all the world, and yet whose character is without perceptible spot or blemish, and you have the true picture of Hypatia. Such a picture as this ought to sooth the rage of the wildest pagan in the world; yet it tempted a Christian bishop and a Christian mob to one of the most shameful deeds which the human brain could devise or the human hand perform.

One day as Hypatia was crossing the street, a dark crowd of monks swept round the corner,

bore her off to their holy church, and there tore her limb from limb. Thus she perished, but her philosophy survived. She lived and died a heathen, yet, who shall say that when she lives again her place will be lower than that of the Christian monks who slew her?

A CORRECT THEORY OF PUNCTUATION NEEDED.

There are some people who can punctuate, and a great many who can't, and who can never learn. Whatever is the reason, there is hardly one person out of every dozen of educated men who knows how to properly punctuate a written manuscript and prepare it for the press. The fault, I believe, lies partly with the people themselves and partly with those who have attempted to formulate the principles of the art into a set of rules, and who, in doing so, have made their rules exceedingly narrow and vague. This obscurity, altogether unnecessary, renders the rules of punctuation difficult to learn, since it makes them difficult to comprehend. When, therefore, the rules of this art have been correctly and intelligibly written, it seems as though it would put an end to all trouble of this kind. Then every man who writes may by taking decent pains write in such a way that he can be easily understood.

But is there really any trouble with the rules of punctuation as they are now commonly written? I hold that there is, and believe that if there were not, if there were no vagueness, no indefiniteness, no obscurity in the way these rules are usually printed in our grammars and guide-books, then we would not find the great diversity in the methods of pointing written matter which we now do find among the people who can punctuate at all. No one can assert that these discrepancies do not exist; that would only be a gratuitous exhibition of ignorance. We can observe them every day by paying attention in our reading. If we do this we shall very soon discover that no two persons would punctuate a manuscript of any length at all alike. One man will put a comma where another will put a dash, and another a period, and another a colon or a semicolon; one will include between brackets what another will inclose within parentheses, or what another still will simply set off by commas at either side; one will use a period where another would think a mark of admiration was appropriate, and where another yet would employ a question-point. And so the disagreement would continue through the whole of the writing. The varieties of punctuation to be seen are as many as the kinds of hand-writing. But people form their letters in a certain way from habit; while they usually punctuate by impulse, just as it happens. Of course, there can be no sustained uniformity in impulses.

The only way, it seems to me, in which this uniformity can be obtained, is to have the rules of the art of punctuation re-written, and written in accordance with a correct theory. There should be some theory of punctuation, and it should be generally known and understood. The local methods observed by every printing establishment on its own account should be replaced by this general one, and then the "close" offices and the "open" offices would have to punctuate alike, much to the benefit of writers and readers.

But who is to reduce the correct theory — for there must of course be such a one — to form and writing? Some person to whose name is attached the weight of authority ought to undertake the task. The present writer is not such a person, and therefore he will not presume to make the attempt. Neither was it the design of this article to promulgate any particular theory, but simply to make clear the necessity existing and to suggest to capable persons the propriety of the undertaking. That this necessity, this propriety, really exists, I think has been made sufficiently evident in the foregoing discussion. I hope to see the matter taken up at no very distant day by some one thoroughly competent, and who will give it all the attention and all the time which its importance demands.

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

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EDITORIAL.

THE *Volante*, the organ of the University of Chicago, speaking of our last issue, said: "THE UNDERGRADUATE has the best list of personals we have seen." This result is due to the generous response which has been made to our appeal to the graduates of the institution for news items for that department. The response, we say, has thus far been generous, and we hope it will not be any less so hereafter.

IT strikes us as somewhat strange that there should be any student in this college who will allow himself to carry off and keep the periodicals which belong in the reading-room. It is bad enough when they are taken away and afterwards returned; but to appropriate them to one's self as soon as they are put on the tables and retain them indefinitely is an offense of which all students should be incapable. It ought to be understood that the rights of one student in the reading-room are equal to those of another, and all should act accordingly. Attention has often been called to this matter by the proper authorities, but it seems to have been without avail. The abuse is still continued, and is rather on the increase than on the decline. It is to be hoped, however, that this sneakish practice will be straightway abandoned. But who is it that carries it on?

THE study of the Science of Art, which was last year made part of the regular work of the Senior class, is an excellent and noteworthy addition to the college curriculum. But while we are pleased to be able to congratulate the students of the college on this much-needed improvement in the course, we cannot at the same time help regretting that we have not some further facilities for studying Art in its application as well as in its theory. Indeed, the theory without the application would be utterly valueless, and therefore the study of the two should be contemporaneous, if possible. A means for such study is therefore very desirable, and we are glad to know that it will soon be at hand. If we may believe what we are told, a Gallery of Art will not long hence be born at Middlebury College, and when once it has only seen the light its growth will doubtless be rapid and grand. We cannot at present say more of this matter, but will probably do so soon.

SOME of the Seniors are the happy owners of a novel and valuable invention, this being the art of making illustrated notes of presidential and professorial lectures. We do not know with whom the idea originated, but are certain that in practice it is a splendid success. To those who are expert with the pencil, and who are initiated into the secret, the taking of notes is now no task. A few strokes here and there, and you have, in what seems to the tyro the most unfathomable of hieroglyphics, a full and perfect report not only of the words but even of the gestures of any speaker. That which to ordinary people appears to be only a rude and hastily executed sketch of a sucking infant still stuck to the cradle or of good-sized pumpkins idly tossed about by the breezes, or of an ancient elm unconcernedly standing on its head with its roots in the air, may yet be the complete report of speeches

more glowing and eloquent than Burke or Webster ever uttered. The telegraph, and stenography, and printing, and the telephone, are truly grand inventions; but who can doubt that this new and un-named art will yet be called as grander than them all? Yes, who, indeed?

THE rapidity of the growth of college journalism in the United States has been something marvelous. Ten years ago, and there was hardly such a thing as a college paper known: to-day, the college which cannot support one paper at least is of very little consequence, and is so regarded. Indeed, the college papers are very numerous, and the "*Reporters*" and "*Heralds*" and "*Journals*" and "*Records*" in the list are almost uncountable. Not one out of every dozen of them all, however, is worth the ink it is printed with. But the number of those which are of any interest outside of the college where they are published is very much smaller still. The few such papers that we have are conducted with a great deal of ability, considering the amount of time which their managers can give to the work.

A recent outgrowth of college journalism is the college departments in the great papers of the outside world. The people wanted to know more about the doings of the student than they could learn from the little scraps of misinformation which they picked up now and then from the weekly press, and as the college papers were not generally accessible, it became necessary that they should have other sources of knowledge on these subjects. Some of the leading papers, forecasting and apprehending the demand, have established regular departments of college news, and these have become very popular. For the students like to have their actions known and the public likes to know them. The New York Sunday *World*, whose advertisement we publish in another column, has the best college department to be found in any paper. It has established an exchange list which includes the representative journals of our principal colleges, and they all speak very highly of its college news. Its discussion of college topics is able, interesting and thoroughly impartial. The Sunday *World*, being non-political, or nearly so, is hence rather better adapted to the New England latitudes than the week-day issues of the paper are, and of course will offend the political prejudices of no one. So, to those who wish to know all about college matters, we commend the Sunday *World*.

THE Sophomore class is probably well aware that its name was in very bad odor with the citizens of this town on the morning succeeding the recent Junior Exhibition. The idea of a Junior Ex. without a "ram" was one which the good people of the place had never entertained, as was evident from the disappointment so plainly pictured on their faces while they filed out of the hall on that eventful evening. During the progress of the speaking many a wistful glance was cast around the room in the vain expectation that the luscious literature would make its appearance. "At some moment, from some source, by some means," they said to themselves, "the ram will arrive." The soloist was late, as well as the ram, and there is no reason to doubt that if the audience could have one and only one according to preference, the latter would have been chosen. There were some who even asserted a strong belief that the failure of Mr. Fessenden to make his bow at the proper time was all the result of a Sophomore trick, by which the eminent gentleman had been induced by bribes to wander from the way intentionally, for the purpose of bringing on the rams. Outside the hall a like anxiety was manifested. The usual small army of street Arabs hung about the doors and corridors all the early part of the night, inquiring with deep solicitude of every one they saw as to where they might procure one of "thim papers, yer know, what gives ther Joonyur fellers blazes." And when at last the injured and insulted crowd retired in disgust, it was each one with the unshakable opinion that "that ere Soph'more class wuz all darned fools, and had ought to git licked." Next day a member of the delinquent class might know by the looks of scornful indig-

nation upon the public visage that he and his class-mates stood very low in the public estimation.

But is it not at least a little discreditable to the people of the town that they are always so crazy to get hold of these vehicles of slander and falsehood? The fact itself is indisputable. A little burlesque and satire at the expense of the Junior orators could not, of course, be very objectionable, and the greater the ability and wit displayed the more might be the fun. But when lies are substituted for humor and filth for fun it seems as if endurance should last no longer. That this is the ordinary character of these publications is well enough known; indeed, if the ram is not loaded to the muzzle with indecency and falsehood it is regarded by many as a ram without horns, unable to hurt. Such being the character of the ordinary rams, their publication ought to be stopped. We suppose, however, that they will continue to appear as long as the countenance of the public continues, notwithstanding the present year's failure to connect.

An exchange, commenting on our recent remarks concerning the prospective university at St. Albans, gives its assent to the same and asks us why it is that so many of the young men of Vermont go away out of the state for their college education. "Is it," it asks, "because this state does not offer as good advantages as others?" With all the emphasis of conviction, we answer—*No!* Whatever the reason may really be, we are sure that it is not that. If it is in the hope that by going out of the state to college they can obtain a better education, a stronger discipline, than can be gotten here in Middlebury, then they make a grand mistake—a mistake which is big with importance. The average graduate of Middlebury has a better education than the average graduate of Dartmouth, Harvard, or Yale.

It is undoubtedly true that, when other things are equal, a student can get and does get better instruction at a college with only a small number of students than he can at one with many. The presidents of the large colleges themselves know and admit that this is so. The curriculum of this college is certainly as well adapted as that of any other for securing the end which the student has in view, and our faculty of instructors is much above the average at other and larger institutions. To be sure, Middlebury College is not a manufactory of brains, but neither do we know of any college that is. She cannot take in fools and graduate them wise men, but she can take men of capacity and do as much for them in the way of discipline and drill as any college in the land. Of course we have no law department, no theological and medical schools connected with the general college, but it must be remembered that these are special courses. On the whole, we are perfectly justified in saying that this college gives as good a general education as any other. Nay, if we were to take into consideration a fact which speaks for itself we might say a *better* education and not be wrong. That fact is this: Middlebury College has a larger number of successful men in her list of graduates, in proportion to the whole number, than any other American college.

But why, then, don't Vermont students come to Middlebury? Some of them do, it is true, but why don't they all? We do not know that we can give the very reason, but we are a little disposed to think that it is because some men do not go to college now-a-days to get an education. They want to have a general good time, and therefore go where they believe it is most likely to be had. Middlebury College is still conducted according to the idea that such institutions are intended to educate the *minds* of their students. While *her* students have every opportunity for physical exercise, she does not think it needful to her reputation that she should have the winning crew in an inter-collegiate boat-race, or the wearer of the champion boxer's belt. May-be, we say, the present young men of Vermont do not fancy these notions and so go abroad for their *education!*

But whatever the reason, it is certainly true that a great many students go out of the state to college who ought to come to Middlebury. It makes no difference with the college, for she could have more students if she would; but it does make a considerable difference with these young men themselves.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Prof. Means has returned with his bride.

The college prayer-meetings have been resumed.

The Juniors have begun their botanical excursions.

Did you see the ghost of "one of the ex-presidents?"

The college boats are being put in readiness for the season's work.

A Freshman has acknowledged that he burned the well-house—*for fun.*

All the Sophs attended the wonderful exhibition of trained horses this week.

The Sophomores are talking of a surveying expedition to Lake Bombazine.

The Seniors propose a geological excursion—to the paternal pocket—for *rocks.*

The Seniors are rejoicing over their expected four weeks' vacation before Commencement.

Prof. Means lectures to the Seniors every Saturday and Monday on the history of philosophy.

A base ball match is contemplated between the M. C. B. B. C. and the students of the U. V. M.

And now is the time when Seniors loudly praise second-hand furniture and long for purchasers.

Some of the students went on a maple-sugar hunt not long since, and—well, never mind the rest.

The fondly hoped for "ram" did not appear at Junior Ex. and great was the disappointment thereat.

The display of plug hats at Junior Ex. was unusually overwhelming this year. 'Twas well nigh universal.

Where *is* the *man* or *lean* or *fat,*
That *does* n't *sport* a *stove*-pipe *hat,*
Or *has* n't *heard* of *Dan*-iel *Pratt?*

Prof. Means is publishing some very able and interesting articles on "Aristotle," in the *Bibliotheca Sacra.*

The Middlebury band favored the citizens with an out-door concert a few evenings since, which was very acceptable.

The U. V. M. ram got off one or two "drives" at "the source of all their greatness." 'Twas very unkind.

The dancing school under Prof. Oakes is said to be progressing. The students did not attend, owing to the intervention of vacation.

The Seniors have not settled the vexed question concerning class artist, and the general opinion is that they "will go where they please."

Junior Ex. passed off very creditably, although the musical part of the programme was a little crooked. Financially it was a complete success, as was also the "hop."

The Seniors are having "Torrey's Theory of Fine Art" this term, which proves to be very interesting, and long and loud are the discussions as to what constitutes beauty.

There was a minstrel performance during vacation, and the "fellows" were all away;—what *were* they *to* do!! And so they went—a little band of love-lorn females. Poor things!

"Gentle spring" and all that sort of thing! And now doth the festive wasp gambol on the chapel steps, the melodious choir make sweet music, and the sportive gymnast "circumjumperate" on the campus.

It will be seen by the advertisement in this number that the restaurant where the students eat all their election oysters has again changed hands. Mr. A. B. Colby, a genial young gentleman, is the new proprietor.

There is a rumor afloat in the newspaper world that Prof. M. Stuart Phelps is to fill the chair of Intellectual Philosophy after this term. It is the opinion of the students in general that the change would not be desirable.

The programme for Commencement concert will be unusually fine. The class have secured the Beethoven Quintette Club, and the duo, consisting of Miss Fanny Kellogg, soprano, and Miss Abbie R. Clark, contralto.

The *opera bouffe*, to be given April 25, under the direction of Prof. Higley, will, it is said, surpass anything in the entertainment line that Middlebury has been favored with for years. Two of the principal parts are to be sustained by members of the college.

A fine, artful dodge was practiced in the Senior room a few mornings since. The class had just been enjoying a written examination in Torrey, and were just about to hand in their papers to the President, when the hour expired, and the President left the room, forgetful that said papers were yet in the hands of the class. The moment he closed the door the class rushed forward, to hand in their papers, of course, but by some unaccountable accident forgot, and opened the door of the *stove*, instead of the one through which the President had just retired. Through that door they handed in those papers; and as the flames enveloped the work of the hour the class shouted, and the Dr., who had returned, smiled "Oh!" and retired once more.

PERSONALS.

'26. Dr. Enos C. Wines, of New York, has been appointed commissioner on behalf of the United States to the international prison congress, soon to be held at Stockholm.

'35. Judge G. W. Parker, of New York city, has recently spent several days in town, visiting his brother, Prof. Parker.

'37. Rev. R. S. Cushman, D.D., of Manchester, was in attendance on the exercises at the end of the last term.

'38. Rev. Byron Sunderland, Chaplain of the United States Senate, has published in pamphlet form, by request, his paper on "The Sabbath Question," which first appeared in the January number of the *Presbyterian Quarterly*.

'40. Hon. E. J. Phelps is the president of the Vermont Centennial Commission, which has in charge the making of preparations for celebrating the 100th anniversary of the battle of Bennington.

'46. Ex-Gov. J. W. Stewart is one of the vice-presidents of the Vermont Centennial Commission.

'55. Rev. E. P. Hooker was one of the examining committee at Andover Theological Seminary at the end of the last term.

'57. Hon. Walter C. Dunton, of Rutland, has been appointed by Gov. Fairbanks to a judgeship of the State Supreme Court. The territory over which he will be presiding judge includes Rutland and Bennington counties.

'62. Rev. Charles C. Harris, rector of Holy Trinity church, Lincoln, Neb., has been appointed chaplain of the Nebraska state prison.

'62. John A. Fitch is practicing law at Highgate, Vt. He also holds the office of deputy-collector of customs.

'64. L. E. Knapp has been appointed register of probate for Addison district.

'66. A. B. Sheppard is practicing law at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

'66. Thomas S. Ford, of Columbia, Miss., is one of the prosecuting attorneys for that state.

'66. H. J. Porter was in town on a brief visit a few days ago.

'67. Hon. James M. Slade has recovered from his illness. The law firm of Slade & Harris has dissolved partnership, and Mr. Slade will continue the business alone.

'68. Prof. E. H. Higley delivered a lecture on "The Study of the Past," at Poultney, on Monday evening, March 26.

'69. Rev. William J. Bradshaw is pastor of the First Congregational church at Batavia, Ill.

'69. Rev. Homer J. Parker is located at Bay City, Mich., instead of at Vermontville, as reported last month.

'71. J. N. Mallory is stopping at Castleton at present with his friends and relatives.

'72. Rev. E. L. Walker, of Bristol, has suffered a great affliction in the recent death of his wife.

'73. Wells H. Utley has been ordained, and is now settled as pastor of the Congregational church at Pontiac, Mich.

'73. C. R. Turrill is visiting in Shoreham. He has given up teaching and will soon begin the study of law.

'73. H. M. Tenney has just taken unto himself a better-half.

'74. C. C. Gove was in town for the Junior Ex.

'74. T. W. Darling, of the Yale Theological Seminary, was in town during his vacation.

'75. Wilds, Swinington and Phelps were in town to attend the Junior Ex.

'75. C. H. Burritt, who was three years with '75, is practicing law in Detroit. His business card reads as follows: "Charles H. Burritt, Attorney-at-Law, and Proctor in Admiralty. With Moore, Canfield & Warren, Lawyers, 5 and 6 Moffat Building, Detroit, Michigan." He recently spent a day in town.

'76. Ed. Dana has given up his school in Cambridge, N. Y., and will resume the study of law with Dunton & Veazey, at Rutland.

'76. Brown and Eastman attended Junior Ex.

'78. S. M. Harris has entered upon the last term of his teaching at Royalton, and will re-enter college next fall.

THE SANCTUM.

The *Oberlin Review* goes out through the chimney.

The *Campus* will please excuse us for saying last month that its clippings were *judicially* done. We didn't mean quite that.

The *Brunonian* for April 7 has *five* personals regarding its graduates. Is that all the sons of Brown can say for themselves?

The *Monthly Musings* publishes articles on the very fresh subjects, "The Seasons," and "Education." The advertisements in the *Musings* are very interesting.

Is the *Dickinsonian* mean enough to berate us roundly and then withhold the paper containing its adverse criticisms? We should infer so from some remarks in the last *Bowdoin Orient*.

The *Berkeleyan*, from the University of California, is a recent addition to our list of exchanges. It is run, it seems to us, a little too much on the plan and in the style of country newspapers.

The *Asbury Review* says: "Students, take a copy of the *Review* home with you; your friends will enjoy reading it." We are very sorry, but we fear the *Review* is much mistaken; else the aforesaid friends can discover joy where none exists.

The *College Reporter* has placed itself in a position which will doubtless bring it kicks and cuffs from all the college press. The *Reporter* actually has the temerity to say a good word for the *Niagara Index*, a sheet which all the other college papers have condemned with an undeserved and indeed an almost undeservable severity. The *Reporter* must now make ready for a collision with the *Neoterian*.

We have received the second number of the *Reveille*, and it exhibits no improvement on the first. With the exception of the poem, "Life of a Leaf," which is rather prettily written, there is nothing in this number which can possibly be of any interest to anybody. Lengthy reports of uninteresting events and meetings, and condensed encyclopædia articles, are not the right sort of stuff to make such papers valuable.

The *College Argus* for March 20 contains two of the most wretched attempts at poetry which have ever come under our notice. We scarcely know which of the two is the worse, and that is the only distinction which either of them deserves. For it *is* worth something, perhaps, to know that you have succeeded in making the very worst verses in existence. If we were not afraid of doing injustice to the author of "The Ballot, What is It?" we should assign that distinction to the writer of "My Unknown."

The *University Press* and the *Qui Vive* exchange men are fiercely at war with each other. The *Press* devotes a column or so to the exposition of the sins of *Qui Vive*, and *Qui Vive* retorts with nearly a column and a half of pointless abuse. And while these two wrathful reviewers are lashing each other with the cudgels of calumny, the *Neoterian* and the *Index* are having a similar set-to of their own. Meanwhile, a disinterested spectator, reading the written ravings of these four angry young gentlemen, cannot very well escape from forming the conclusion that they are each and all of them destined for early consignment to the mad-house and the straight-jacket. We hope the next bulletins will report more favorable symptoms.

PLUNDER.

A couple of literary men were once discussing the merits of Homer. After quarreling about it for some time without being able to agree, one of them exclaimed, "Homer's *odd I see.*" To which the other rejoined, "Homer's *ill I add.*"—*Ex.*

Junior to Sophomore who is studying geometry—"What is that figure, an octohombohedron?"

Soph.—"No, sir; it is an adirondack."—*Ex.*

Junior (translating German)—"One never can tell what sticks in the head of a woman."

Classmate, in the rear—"It might be a hair-pin."—*Ex.*

Our note-book in logic says that "life is the sum of the vital forces." A grossly materialistic Junior perverts this into "life is the sum of the victual forces."—*Ex.*

Prof. (illustrating)—"Now, if Meissonier should paint a picture he would get $10,000 for it."

Student (to another)—"Has he got a son that is an artist?"—*Ex.*

It has been remarked that some of the Senior orators blush so red that they look green. This is in perfect accordance with the chemical nature of the former of these two colors.—*Ex.*

Prof.—"Put an edge to that statement, Mr. H., so that it will throw off a shaving."

Student—"You mean make it *plane.*"

Prof.—"Yes, sir; be a little *planer.*"—*Ex.*

The Seniors are ventilating their ideas on "Genius." We are waiting to sum up the arguments, some of which are capital. There are two or three more counties yet to be heard from on the subject.—*Ex.*

A Junior inquired of a young lady acquaintance, "Don't you think my moustache is becoming?"

She replied: "It may *be coming* in a few years, but I don't see anything of it now."

Both smiled sweetly.—*Ex.*

Prof.—"What is the difference between bromine and chlorine?"

Shaksperian student—"As you like it."

Professor likes it muchly, but just a little too well for Shakspeare's admirer.—*Ex.*

In an essay of a student in one of the young ladies' seminaries of this city occurred the following remarkable statement: "The lady was so fat and large that she certainly would have broken down her chair, if the chair hadn't been strong enough to hold her up."—*Ex.*

Recitation in Astronomy—Prof.—"Mr. B——, state and prove the relation existing between the parallax and distance of a body."

B——"That is the end of my rope."

Prof.—"Your rope ought to have been a little longer, Mr. B——."—*Ex.*

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a Professor, in the course of a class examination, "Pray, Mr. E——, how would you discover a fool?"

"By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.—*Ex.*

E. E. SMITH,

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THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL, 1877. NO. 7.

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REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, the Bucolics, and six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, to the VIIth Chapter.

GREEK—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books.

Ancient and Modern Geography.

Arithmetic; Algebra to Equations of the Second Degree, and three books of Loomis' Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—Latin Grammar (Harkness), Livy (Lincoln's Selections), Cicero De Senectute and De Amicitia (Chase & Stuart), Horace's Odes and Epodes (Macleane), Homer's Odyssey (Merry), Herodotus and Thucydides, (Mather), Xenophon's Memorabilia (Robbins), Latin Prose Composition (Arnold), Greek Prose Composition (Jones), Classical History and Antiquity, Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb (Hadley and Goodwin), Algebra (Davies' Bourdon), Geometry (Loomis).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires [Macleane], Cicero, De Officiis, or Tusculan Disputations [Chase], Tacitus Histories, or Germania and Agricola [Tyler], Sophocles, Lysias, Aristophanes, Exercises in Writing Latin and Greek, German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Analytical Geometry [Loomis], Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical; Mensuration; Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation [Loomis], Calculus [Loomis], Trench's Study of Words, and English Past and Present, Rhetoric [Hart], Physiology [Dalton].

JUNIOR CLASS.—Quintilian [Frieze], Select Plays of Terence [Davies], or Satires of Juvenal [Escott], German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Natural Philosophy [Snell's Olmstead], Astronomy]Loomis], Chemistry [Elliot and Storer], Botany [Gray], Rhetoric [Whately], Logic [Jevons], Evidences of Christianity [Paley].

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy [Perry], International Law [Woolsey], History of Civilization [Guizot], Butler's Analogy, Fine Art [Torrey], Natural Theology [Paley], Intellectual Philosophy [Porter], Moral Science [Alexander, Peabody], History of Grecian Philosophy, Geology [Dana], Zoology [Tenney], English Literature [Taine], Forensic Discussions, Review of the Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty, supplementing the text book and giving in concise form the latest investigations.

The Cabinet and Museum contains a large number of specimens, and is designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains over 12,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement.

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CALENDAR.

1877.	Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society,	June 24.
	Examination for Admission,	June 25.
	Alumni Day,	June 26.
	Commencement,	June 27.
	College year begins	Sept. 6.

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The Undergraduate.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL, 1877. NO. 7.

THE MOORISH CAPTIVE.

[FROM THE SPANISH OF JOSE ZORRILLA.]

Lady, when the morn regains,
On to Cordova I go;
Then thou'lt hear no more my strains,
Hear my love-song's ebb and flow,
And the clanking of my chains.

When come back the Christian bands
With the Moors beneath their might,
Read my fate's most cruel brands,
Read the story of love's blight,
In their gory, blood-stained hands!

But should I a captive stay
In this dismal dungeon drear,
Soon would life have flown away;
Yet, the life that's given to-day,
Sell'st thou me, ah! very dear.

Then adieu! thy slave again
Ne'er shall cause thee pangs and sighs—
No!—that hope is idle, vain:
Captive, Christian, I remain,
In the prison of thy eyes!

Evil, lady, is my star!
Why should I love life an hour
While there stands this mighty bar
'Twixt me and Granada's flow'r,
Cordova's best beauty far?

Henceforth shall the sun-beams bland
Me unheeding importune;
Daughter of the Spanish land,
Thou shalt be my sun and moon,
Thou, my dawn, my sun-set grand!

Yet, although thou art my sun,
And without thee life were death,
Yet I must, unwilling, run,
So this dungeon I may shun,
Ere it robs me of life's breath.

But has promised great Mahoma*
Paradise and houris fair—
Thou the angels' joys shalt share
In that region of aroma,
And we'll dwell in rapture there.

T.

*Mahoma, the Spanish form of the Prophet's name.—*Tr.*

PROF. WHITNEY'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

It may be said with especial emphasis, — "of making many *grammars* there is no end." The immense demand for text-books in this science, and the splendid pecuniary prize to be gained by the author or publisher who succeeds in crowding his book upon the public, has doubtless much to do in causing this multiplicity of grammars. But another important cause, we think, has been a general consciousness that the great problem of English Grammar was not yet solved satisfactorily; that it was somewhat in the condition of Astronomy before the days of Copernicus. There have certainly been many foolish controversies, in which both sides were wrong. The object of the study has been misconceived. Authors have deduced their rules too much from *a priori* consideration; — have presumed to be judges to decide what good usage *ought* to be, instead of honest historians to report what it actually is. Arbitrary and useless distinctions have been made. Its study has been urged upon pupils at too early an age, so that generation after generation of children have cried out against it as "a weariness of the flesh."

"If there is anybody competent to write a good grammar, it is Prof. Whitney," we said when his proposed book was first announced. Certainly no scholar in England or America understands better the Science of Language, or is better acquainted with the history of English and of kindred languages. His sound judgment, and his thorough mastery of the modern scientific method raised our expectations. Then, too, had not Prof. Whitney showed us what he could do in this line, by his excellent German Grammar?

We have read the work carefully from beginning to end; and in this world of disappointments it is pleasant to record the fact that the book is up to our expectation. We might pick flaws here and there; we might occasionally prefer a different nomenclature; we might wish

for a little fuller treatment of some points, in the fine print; but the work on the whole seems to us a great improvement upon any former English Grammar.

One or two noticeable points are these: The "person" of nouns does not need to be distinguished; *all* nouns are "of the third person," unless used to designate the person addressed, or in apposition to a pronoun of the first or second person.—"There is no need to say anything about gender in connection with a noun, unless it be a noun that actually implies a distinction of sex." Such "gender-nouns" are either masculine or feminine, and form a class by themselves like "diminutives" or "collectives."—Another radical change is the treatment of verbal nouns in '-ing' as *infinitives*. Grammarians, from Lindley Murray down to Greene, have told us that such words, as 'working' in the phrase 'the working of butter,' were "present participles used as nouns;" when in fact they are no more present participles than they are present *subjunctives*. In early English distinct forms were used,—*-ing* for the verbal noun, *inde* for the participle. In the inevitable progress of phonetic corruption, the latter suffix became transformed, so as to be identical with the former. But though identical in form, the two suffixes are distinct in meaning as well as origin, and are no more to be confounded than the '-er' of 'wiser,' 'softer,' 'harder,' with the '-er' of 'jailer,' 'fisher,' 'gardener.' Common people may be pardoned for making such mistakes,—for imagining that in 'North pole' we have the same word as in 'Liberty pole,' not knowing that the former is from a Greek word meaning 'pivot' or 'turning-*point*.' But that authors of grammars should persist in such a blunder for centuries is marvelous.

But we need not specify further peculiarities of Prof. Whitney's book, as all teachers who have enterprise in their work, will examine it for themselves. We are confident it will receive general approval. Some one has expressed the opinion that it will prove too difficult for ordinary pupils. We were somewhat surprised at this opinion, as the book seemed to us far simpler than Greene's, the grammar commonly used. Teachers who become familiar with a text-book, are likely to think it easier than a new treatise on a different plan. Prof. Whitney seems to have taken especial pains to employ simple language and to avoid abstruse discussion.

But "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." As the author modestly says, practical use must show how far his endeavor is successful. The celebrity of Prof. Whitney will certainly secure to the book a fair and thorough trial.

—*Prof. Ezra Brainerd.*

WITH REGARD TO TRAMPS.

Since the downfall of the great banking-house of Jay Cooke & Co., more than three years ago, failure upon failure has taken place throughout the country, and business has grown gradually duller and duller, until now it seems to have reached the utmost limit of possible decline, without ceasing altogether. There is scarcely any part of the land, and certainly no place in the East, where this business depression has not been felt, and where its natural and unavoidable consequences are not to be seen. Trade is almost wholly dead and nearly all enterprise, both public and private, has ceased.

This cessation of commercial activity and business enterprise has brought with it, as it always must, want and destitution to the laboring classes of the people. No matter what may have been the cause of the panic of 1873 and of the hard times consequent thereupon—no matter who or what party may be to blame—the actual fact is that there are to-day thousands and hundreds of thousands of people in this country who are without money and without work, without food and without fire,—who, in short, have scarcely anything they can call their own except their misery and their want. With these, presumably, they would willingly part if a chance would only be offered. Unfortunately, there is not much reason to hope that such a chance will present itself just yet.

But what are these people to do? If they cannot get work and with work's wages the wherewithal to buy their bread, it is obvious that they must live either by crime or by charity. There is no other door open to them but to starve, and starve men will not as long as they can subsist in one or the other of these two ways. Upon charity, then, they must place their main reliance for support, and if this source fails, or if the necessary aid is given grudgingly and stingily they must fall back on crime—on theft, robbery, and even murder—as a last resort.

Such is the state of the case to-day. The poor laboring people who have been driven out of employment by the inexorable necessity of the times, must live. If they are unable to obtain work in one place they will try another. As they have not money wherewith to pay their passage from town to town they must of necessity travel about on foot, and hence the opprobrious name by which they are called.

Now, it is useless to deny that as they travel from place to place, these people do a great deal of damage and commit many needless and wanton depredations. The daily press of the country has teemed with instances of such unnecessary and unjustifiable proceedings, and many extremely rigorous and cruel methods of checking them have been suggested. But the newspapers have been too severe in their comments. They have taken into consideration only one side of the question. That side is the one in which the tramps have been made to cut the poorest figure and shine in the meanest light. The newspapers have not only been rigorous and severe; they have been unjust and inhuman.

It seems scarcely to be just the proper thing for our editors to sit in their comfortable sanctums and launch their tirades of abuse at a class of persons whose only fault is their poverty, or who, if they have done any wrong, have actually been driven to it, nine times out of ten, by sheer necessity. It may be all right for the editors to advise that if a man comes to you, saying he cannot get work and is hungry, it may be right that they should advise you to set him to work and to give him a dinner only after he has earned it well. It may be the right advice to give and the right thing to do, but it strikes me not. It may be right to advise that tramps should be arrested and thrust into jails and prisons, as if they were on the same footing with common criminals,—this may be right, but I'll not believe it. It may be right to advise the construction of work-houses in cities and towns, to make them objects of terror to the tramps, wherein they may obtain three poor meals, and a hard bed at night, for working like slaves during the day, and then to point out as examples of hopeless laziness and shiftlessness those persons who do not appear to be enchanted with the prospect,—it may be all right and proper, but to me it seems far otherwise.

It rather appears to me that the tramps should be treated kindly as long as they do not prove wholly unworthy of kindness. It seems to me that the time to feed a man is when he is hungry, and to obtain remuneration in work after his hunger has been satisfied, if at all. Perhaps if you feed him first he will refuse to work when his belly is full. Well, if he does, a good deed has been done, and benevolent people hardly feel regret that they are not repaid for their kindness and charity. But to compel a man who is tortured by the pangs of hunger, who may have had nothing to eat for days,—to compel such a person to work three or four hours before satisfying the cravings of appetite, is barbarous. It is not humanity; it is not Christianity. It is pure fiendishness, and nothing else.

KATHARINE OF ARAGON IN SHAKSPEARE.

A German writer has observed that in the accuracy and apparent artlessness with which Shakspeare has adapted some of the events and characters of history to his dramatic purposes, he has shown equally his genius and his wisdom.

Characters in history have been likened to figures in *bas-relief*. We see the side only which the historian chooses to present to us; the rest is

hidden from our view in the block. The same characters in Shakspeare are like statues cut out of the marble, and as they stand before us, fashioned and finished in every part, we may examine them on all sides and consider them in every light.

Among the historical characters in Shakspeare there is no one which better shows forth his genius and wisdom, there is no one more worthy of our study, our admiration and our reverence, than "Katherine of Aragon." History tells us that Katherine derived from nature no dazzling qualities of mind and no striking advantages of person. She inherited, indeed, some of the haughtiness and obstinacy of her mother, but neither her beauty nor her splendid talents. There had been early implanted in her mind the most austere principles of virtue, the most narrow and bigoted attachment to the forms of religion and great pride of birth and rank characteristic of her family and nation. In other respects her understanding was strong and her judgment clear. The natural turn of her mind was simple, serious and domestic, and all the impulses of her heart, kindly and benevolent. Such is Katherine as she appears to us in history. A good, kind-hearted woman she doubtless was, and one, too, well calculated to gain the love and respect of those about her; but yet to a poet less gifted than Shakspeare, she would have seemed hardly adapted to act the part of a heroine and "queen of earthly queens."

Although Katherine lacked the usual sources of poetical interest, as youth, beauty, grace and brilliant intellect; although deprived of the glory and dignity of position and honor, nevertheless Shakspeare has, with little appeal to our imagination, with little violation of historical truth, so presented her to our view that our feelings are touched and our minds are elevated as we contemplate the beauty and power of her character. We first behold her pleading before the king in behalf of the common people, who, on account of the extortions of Wolsey, were in a state of great grievance. In this scene, which is true to history, her upright mind, her firmness of purpose, her piety and benevolence at once impress us with a wonderful power and significance. And as we thus behold her, at the outset, in the full enjoyment of all her rights and influence and high position, we become only the more deeply impressed by her subsequent trying situation. Although she is afterwards driven from her high place of honor and influence, and shamefully divorced and abandoned by the heartless king, she nevertheless maintains the high place which at first she gains in our reverence and esteem.

In the trial scene, with what resolute simplicity and wonderful composure does she reply to the long explanations and learned arguments of her opponents. Although, as she confesses, a simple woman, much too weak to oppose their cunning, yet such is the dignity and strength of her replies that not only are her opponents put to their wit's end, but even the relentless king is constrained to say, "Go thy way, Kate; that man i' the world who shall report he has a better wife, let him in naught be trusted, for speaking false in that. Thou art alone the queen of earthly queens."

Again, in the scene between Katherine and the two cardinals, who came to her, as they affirm, not by way of accusation, but to deliver like free and honest men their just opinion and comforts to her cause, how natural her suspicion of their real purpose; how beautiful her mild dignity and the sense of her own inability to contend with these crafty men. But when they counsel her to that which she feels must end only in her ruin, how quickly her native pride is wounded; her indignation is deep and strong, and she gives utterance to her feelings in language almost sublime: "Ye tell me what ye wish for both—my ruin. Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye! Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge that no king can corrupt."

Then, as with the same forcible language and royal dignity she asserts her own faithfulness, and bravely contests her rights, we behold in her "who ever yet had stood to charity and displayed the effects of disposition gentle" a noble, heroic spirit.